The Free Traders

Victor Rousseau

Love runs only slowly evaporation of other men happening to him, for before locked under Ballard's knee, and it was on an intense effort of the will that enabled him to keep his face grave as he listened. He had a vague consciousness that he was being cheated, but the depths of the Bowdoin jib completely darkened the

He Saw Joyce Run Forward and Grasp at Him as He Swept Past.

fact with the sack of corn and the hay silent on the bed, her lips compressed, and that awful look in her eyes.

If he carried the girl through the tunnel and left her while he went back for the gold she might escape him.

On the other hand, if he left her in the cave while he carried the gold away she might find herself into the ocean in her despair. And somehow she might take the gold.

The only thing for Ballway to do was to remove the gold and the girl simultaneously. He carried the bag of gold on his back, and he could feel the sack at the foot of the tunnel which Lee had so indiscreetly pointed to him.

To solve the most difficult problem of all. Either the girl or the gold would have to be left on the upper side of the tunnel while he went back for the other. And during his absence Bullivant would have the chance of his life to overpower coming along and making off with the treasure.

He was not convinced in his mind that the elder had not followed him. Bullivant possessed the faculty of guile in safety. It was the greater of his two dangers. Gathering Joyce in his arms, he resigned the secret of the gold.

Then he got to the tunnel's entrance as hastily knew afterward. It was a floor which only the spur of triumph could have enabled him to climb. He had to bend on both hands while giving the girl with the insides of his knees.

At length, however he did succeed in getting the woman's mouth, the girl slung himself through, and pulling Joyce after him. The ascent of the rock rubber was trifling in comparison.

He looked at Joyce. She was still unconscious. Ballway's heart overflowed with gratitude and unselfish prayer to whatever gods controlled his weal. But she would not wake. Ballway knelt and bent down between the mouth of the cave and the water and went back for the gold.

The task of lowering the heavy bag on the side of the cliff required less time than he expected. Such he had, however, underestimated the difficulty of lowering himself with the bag. Ballway pushed the bag before him, and it slipped out of sight of the cave's mouth and thence to the rocking water.

He stopped to breathe. He stood on the edge of the cliff. He was about to turn from down. He must have left the bag where it was and gone back.

Then carrying the bag and the girl at the same time seemed beyond the power of any man. He watched his arms with a sort of wondering admiration. They were still strong. He could feel the muscles. He knew! he could do it. He would do it. He would! Obtain a drink of water from the cave, and then start back. The memories after the labor of the ascent were triumph of that sort. But he was conscious of a new power in himself. He was a man. He had been touched by some hand he could not see. He had been given the supreme triumph of that he could not see